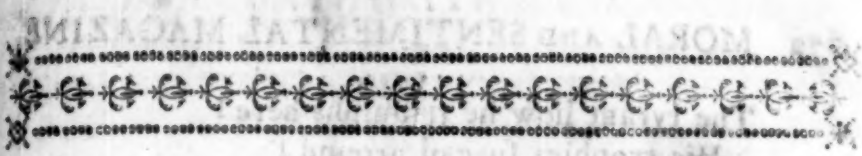


NE,



## AMERICAN

# MORAL & SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE

APRIL 23, 1798.

*Thoughts on the Influence of SOLITUDE upon the Heart,*  
By M. ZIMMERMANN.

[Continued from page 667.]

**H**IS mind, active and full of vigour, never seeks repose, but there is a divine quietude dwells within his heart. Alas! there are no such characters to be found in a court. Individuals, however, of every description have it in their power to taste an equal degree of happiness, although they may not have the opportunity of residing amidst scenes so delightful as those which the situation of my beloved Hotze at Richterswyl, the Convent of Capuchins near Albano, or the mansion of my sovereign at Windsor, affords.

The man who does not ask for more enjoyments than he possesses is completely happy, such a felicity is easily found at Richterswyl, upon the banks of the Lake of Zurich; but it may be imagined, even in such a chamber as that in which I am now writing this Treatise upon solitude.

Vol. II. O o

tude, where, during seven years, I had nothing to look at but some broken tiles and a vane upon the spire of an old church.

Content must always derive its source from the heart; and in solitude the bosom dilates more easily to receive it, with all the virtues by which it is accompanied. How good, how affectionate does the heart become on the border of a clear spring, or in the enjoyment of a calm repose, under the shades of a branching pine! In solitude the tranquil of nature glides into the heart: but in society we find much more occasion to fly from ourselves than from others. To be at peace with ourselves, we must be in concord with all mankind. While the heart is tranquil, the mind considers men and things in the most favourable and pleasing point of view. In rural retirements, where it is open only to agreeable sensations, we learn to love our fellow-creatures. While all nature smiles around us, and our souls overflow with benevolence, we wish for more hearts than one to participate in our happiness.

By mild and peaceful dispositions, therefore, the felicities of domestic life are relished in a much higher degree in rural retirement, than in any other situation whatever. The most splendid courts in Europe afford no joys equal to these; and their vain pleasures can never assuage the justifiable grief of him who, contrary to his inclination, feels himself torn from such a felicity, dragged into the palaces of kings, and obliged to conform to the frivolous life practised there, where people do nothing but game and yawn, and among whom the reciprocal communication of languors, hatred, envy, flattery, and calumny alone prevails.

It is in rural life alone that true pleasures, the love the honour, and the chaste manners of ancient days are revived. Rousseau, therefore, says with great truth to the inhabitants of cities, that the country affords pleasures which they do not even suspect; that these pleasures are less insipid, less unpolished than they conceive; that taste, variety, and delicacy may be enjoyed there; that a man of merit, who retires with his family into the country, and turns farmer, will find his days pass as pleasantly as in the most brilliant assemblies; that a good housewife in the country may also be a charming woman, a woman adorned with every agreeable qualification, and possess graces much more captivating than all those prim and affected females whom we see in towns.

The mind under refreshing shades, in agreeable valleys, and delightful retreats, forgets all the unpleasant circumstances it encountered in the world. The most profligate and wicked characters are no longer remembered in society, when they are no longer seen. It is only in the tumultuous scenes of civil life, and under the heavy yoke of subordination, that the continual shock of reason and good sense, against the stupidity of those who govern, spreads a torrent of miseries over human life. Fools in power render the lives of their inferiors bitter, poison their pleasures, overturn all social order, spread thorns in the path of those who have more understanding than themselves, and make this world a vale of discouragement, indignation and tears. Oh! that men of honour at court brave and skilful generals, able agents, should have a right to exclaim with the philosopher, "Had I but the wings of a dove, that I might fly where my inclination leads me, and fix my dwelling as chance might direct, I would take a distant flight, and continue in the desert! I would hasten to escape from the tempest: for I perceive hypocrisy, malice, falsehood, and disease prevail at court, in the army, and in the city."

Stupidity,



Stupidity, when it has gained credit and authority, becomes more dangerous and hurtful than any other quality: it always inclines to render every thing as little as itself, gives to every thing a false name, and mistakes every character for the opposite to what it really is; in a word, stupidity always calls white black, and black white. Men of frank, honest, liberal dispositions, therefore, if they would escape from his persecution, must learn all his tricks and all his turnings, as well as the fox of Saadi the Indian fabulist.

A person one day observing a fox running with great speed towards his hole, called out to him, "Reynard, where are you running in so great a hurry? Have you done any mischief for which you are fearful of being punished?" "No Sir," replied the fox, my conscience is clear, and does not reproach me with any thing; but I have just overheard the hunters wish that they had a camel to hunt this morning." "Well, but how does that concern you? You are not a camel." "Oh! Sir," replied the fox, "sagacious heads always have enemies. If any one should point me out to the hunters, and say, 'There runs a camel,' those gentlemen would immediately seize me, and load me with chains, without once enquiring whether I was in fact the kind of animal the informer had described me to be."

Reynard was perfectly right in his observation; but it is lamentable that men should be wicked in proportion as they are stupid, or that they should be wicked only because they are envious. If I should ever become the object of their wrath, because they conceived that I enjoyed more happiness than themselves, and it were impossible for me to escape from their persecutions, I would only revenge myself by letting them perceive that no man living is to me an object of scandal.

Nothing



Nothing can wound the self-love of that breast which feels no desire for more than it possesses. The calm temper which results from a life simple, regular, and serene, guards the heart against the excess of desire. By living in continual communion with ourselves, we unavoidably perceive how deficient we are in many of those qualifications, which, in the opinion of others, we are supposed to possess; the advantages we gain, as well as all the happiness we feel, appear in consequence to be the effect of favours conferred on us. This reason alone renders it impossible that we should repine at the happiness of another; for candour will force a man who lives continually by himself, and acts with sincerity of heart, to reflect upon his own defects, and to do justice to the superior merit of other men.

"I should wish to end my days in the delightful Solitudes of Lausanne," says a French historian of that province, "far retired from the tumultuous scenes of the world, from avarice, and from deceit; in those Solitudes where a thousand innocent pleasures are enjoyed and renewed without end; there we escape from profligate discourse, from unmeaning chatter, from envy, detraction, and jealousy. Upon those smiling plains, the extent of which the astonished eye is incapable of measuring, it is impossible to see, without admiring the goodness of the Divine Creator; so many different animals wandering peaceably among each other; so many wonders of nature, which invite the mind to silent contemplation."

It appears to me, that to whatever place in Germany you turn your eyes, you find in every peaceful family, as in the Solitudes of Lausanne, more pure and genuine pleasures than are ever seen in fashionable life. The industrious citizen who returns in the evening to his wife and children, after having honourably performed the

the labours of the day, is without doubt as contented as any courtier. If the voice of the public and his fellow citizens do not render to a man of business the justice, esteem, and honour, which his character merits: if his zeal and good works meet with neglect, and are treated with ingratitude and contempt; his mind will soon forget the injustice, when he returns to the bosom of his happy family, sees their arms open ready to receive him, and obtains from them the praise and approbation which he truly merits. With what delight his heart feels the value of their fondness and affection! If the eclat of fashionable life, the splendour of courts, the triumph of power and grandeur, have left his bosom cold and comfortless; if the base practices of fraud, falsehood, hypocrisy, and puerile vanities, have irritated and soured his mind; he no sooner mixes in the circle of those whom he cherishes, than a genial warmth reanimates his dejected heart, the tenderest sentiments inspire his soul with courage, and the truth, freedom, probity, and innocence by which he is surrounded, reconcile him to the lot of humanity. If, on the contrary, he should enjoy a more brilliant situation, be the favourite of a minister, the companion of the great, loved by the women, and admired in every public place as the leader of the fashion; should his station be high, and his fortunes rich, but his dwelling prove the seat of discord and jealousy, and the bosom of his family a stranger to that peace which the wife and virtuous taste under a roof of thatch, would all these dazzling pleasures compensate for this irreparable loss?

[To be continued.]

### SUPERSTITION and RELIGION.

**I** HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember every

every word ; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows :

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was drest in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me, through many rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps ; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from every baleful tree, the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner :

"Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal ! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched. This is the condition of all below the stars, and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth, and social delight, and here spend thy solitary hours in lamentation and woe. Misery is the lot of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence



fence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me, a deep, muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow, sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just on the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form: effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

"My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster from whose power I have freed you is called Superstition; she is the child of discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to as-

sume

sume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till at length, she drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss in which you were going to sink.

“Look round and survey the various beauties of the globe, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely formed could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent is virtue and obedience; and to reject them morally as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

*An Extract from an Account of the Pelew Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. By Captain Henry Wilson.*

[Continued from page 658.]

AS Pelew came in sight, the jolly-boat hoisted English colours, and fired three musquets, which were answered, as they approached nearer the shore, by a white flag stuck on a pole: this was conceived to have been suggested by the Malay, and proved to be some of the white cloth that had been given to the King.

Raa Kook having quitted his canoe, came into the jolly-boat; and our people, on landing, fired three muskets more, after having hoisted their colours, and fixed them in the ground opposite a house close to the water-side, at the end of the causeway where they came on shore; to which house our people were conducted by Raa Kook, to wait the king's coming, he having dispatched a messenger to notify the Captain's arrival.

Before the king appeared, some of the natives were sent down with refreshments; they first brought a large tureen, made of wood, in the shape of a bird, and inlaid with shell, this was full of sweet drink; they also brought a painted stand, about two feet in height, inlaid in the same manner as the tureen, upon which were sweetmeats garnished with Seville oranges; next came a basket of boiled yams, followed by another of young cocoa-nuts; these were all placed in a kind of order, preparatory to the king's coming. On his arrival Captain Wilson rose, and embraced him, as he had done at their first interview. Abba Thulle sat down by him, and they were then served with the before-mentioned provisions, by a man who seemed to act as a butler, and gave to each a portion, by the king's directions. After this entertainment was over, Captain Wilson offered him the present he had brought, which consisted of some iron-hoops, some necklaces made of gold and silver lace, tied with ribband at each end; to which he meant to have added a few files, but one of the natives purloined them from the person who had them in charge.

The king came down without any state, and seemed only attended by those whom curiosity to see the English had brought together; the house, and every part about it, was thronged by the natives, to see our Captain,



Captain, who had dressed himself in the Company's uniform.

After the repast was ended, Mr. Devis, who was a draughtsman, being struck with the appearance of a woman who was present, took out a piece of paper, and was making a sketch of her figure; which, before he had completed, the lady noticing that he had repeatedly looked her earnestly in the face, and marked something down, was distressed at it, and rose up to go away, in appearance very much agitated; nor could she be persuaded to stay, although some of the Rupacks present laughed heartily at her alarm; which led our people to conceive that she was the wife of one of them. A Rupack looking over Mr. Devis's shoulder, seemed pleased at the representation or, likeness, and wished to hand it up to the king; who so readily entered into a true idea of the art, that he immediately sent a messenger to order two of his women to come down to the house where he was. They arrived very soon, and placed themselves at the window fronting where Mr. Devis was seated, at which these ladies could stand without being seen lower than the waist. Perceiving, as they looked into the house, a smile on every countenance, they at first appeared pleased themselves, and the king told them the reason why he had sent for them; but soon noticing Mr. Devis fixing his eyes earnestly on them, they did not know what to make of the business, and began to look exceedingly grave. The king then seemed to chide them, on which they stood quiet, and rather assumed an easier air. Mr. Devis having finished his sketches, presented them to the king, he shewed them immediately to his women, who seemed pleased in viewing on a paper a fancied likeness of themselves, and appeared as if a little ashamed at having been so foolishly and unnecessarily distressed.

The

The king now signified to his guests, that he would conduct them up to the town. Pelew is hardly more than a quarter of a mile from the shore; they ascended a bank into a wood, led by the king and Raa Kook, and followed by a great concourse of people. Having passed the wood, they found themselves on a fine broad causeway, or pavement, with rows of trees on each side, forming a grove; this causeway was raised about two feet above the level of the ground, and was about ten feet in width, having a broad flat stone running along the middle, for the greater conveniency of walking: it was paved on each side with stones of a smaller size, and less worked; this causeway led to the town, and then parted to the right and left; the one conducting to where some of their boat-houses were erected, the other to their bathing-place:

Having reached Pelew, they came into a large square pavement, round which were several houses; our people were conducted to one that stood in the centre of one of the sides. Out of this house issued a number of women, who were willing to see these new beings the English, and who they soon understood were the wives of some of the Rupacks, or great officers of state; these were rather fairer than the rest of the women, had some little ornaments about them, and their faces and breasts were rubbed over with turmeric.

Being arrived at their allotted dwelling, they learnt that the king had been there after his bathing, but understanding they were gone abroad with his brother, he had retired to his own house, but had sent them some fish for supper. After supper, Raa Kook sent mats for them to sleep on, and called himself before he went to rest, to see if they were supplied with every thing they stood in want of, and which it was in his power to offer. Our people reposed on these mats

at

at one end of the house, the king having ordered some of his own men to sleep at the other end, to protect them from any inconveniency which might arise from the curiosity of the natives, as well as to watch the fires, made to keep them from the dews and musquitos. They all rested very well, in the fullest degree satisfied with the great attention and kindness of their new friends. The night proved both windy and wet, but they found their habitation perfectly dry; their houses being so well thatched, that the weather rarely is able to penetrate them.

September 1st. During the time of breakfast, the king talked much with the Malay, who after it was over, told Mr. Sharp that Abba Thulle wished he would go a little way into the country, without declaring for what purpose.—Mr. Sharp hesitated, till Mr. Devis offered to accompany him; the king said a person would presently be there to conduct them, who, when he came, appeared to be one of the Rupacks who had been with them at Oroolong at the king's first coming, when they individually fixed their notice on some one of our people; a circumstance which then occasioned some alarm, as has before been mentioned. And this Chief proved to be the person who had particularly noticed Mr. Sharp as his friend or Sualic (a term the natives gave it.)

[To be continued.]

### GOD's revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 646.]

**T**HIS, which occasioned so much sorrow to others, was a triumph to Hautefelia, who, having been thus



thus successful in her first villainy, meditates another, and, as she hated Mermанда, so did she never love Malleray her brother, although her husband. She thinks the present a proper time to sow discord between him and Grand-Pre, knowing that if the latter is slain, she is sole heir to her father, and if the former, she might then satisfy the pride of her ambitious mind, by gaining another husband that is noble, a defect in Malleray which she can never excuse.

To this end she informs her husband that her brother Grand-Pre's jealousy was the occasion of Mermанда's death, for that he suspected, her being false to his bed, and living in adultery with Baron Betanford, whom, on that account, he had fought a duel with, and moreover, that it was shrewdly suspected that he had murdered his wife; these were things, she said, that she once thought to have concealed, but that she knew her husband was, and ought to be, nearer to her than her brother.

Malleray was thunder-struck at this shocking news, gave credit to all his wife said, and resolves to acquaint the President his father therewith, not doubting but the old gentleman would exert his utmost power to bring Grand-Pre to the punishment he thought he deserved.

But old Cressonville saw that there was no solid foundation for this suspicion, therefore he thought it most adviseable not to disturb the ashes of the dead, but to let the affair rest in silence, and endeavour to bear the loss of his daughter with patience.

Malleray seeing his father so cold, was all on fire himself, vowing that he would revenge the death of his dear sister. Mermанда his wife, blows up the coals, and

and sets an edge to his resolution. At this instant Grand-Pre arrived at Dijon, which Malleray no sooner heard than he sent him the following challenge:

"I should degenerate both from my honour and my blood, if I was not sensible of the great injuries you have done your wife my sister; they are of that nature, that it is impossible for me to suffer them to pass unrevenge: her murdered innocence, and your black guilt, make me as justly challenge you, as you unjustly challenged Baron Betanford; therefore, to-morrow, by the row of walnut-trees, in the meadow, at the foot of Talon Fort, bring either a single rapier, or rapier and poinard, and I will meet you without seconds. Judge how earnestly I desire to try the temper of your heart and sword, since I already begin to count the minutes that are to pass between this and the time I expect you shall confront the injured MALLERAY."

Grand-Pre, though but just recovered of his late wounds, accepts his challenge, but not without being extremely surprised at Malleray's groundless resentment. At the time appointed, these brothers-in-law met, and the challenged making choice of single rapier, they stripped, and without further ceremony fell to it, commanding their surgeons to withdraw into the next field, till the death of one of them proclaimed the other victor. After the third breathing, Malleray received a mortal wound under the left pap, upon which he instantly dropped down dead, without speaking a word; and Grand Pre mounting his horse, posts away with his surgeon to Dole, a free city belonging to the Arch-Duke Albert, leaving Malleray's surgeon, not to cure, but to bury his master, or at least to convey his dead body to Dijon.

Grand-Pre having staid three months at Dole, received

ceived his pardon, which his relations and friends had procured for him.

In the mean time, Hautefelia, as soon as she heard of the death of her husband, and the flight of her brother, being sure of her dowry, would scarce wait to see the first put in his grave, but packed up her plate, jewels, and all her most valuable moveables, and went home to her father's house, near Auxone, where, during the absence of her brother, with an imperious hand, she controlled all things at pleasure; but Grand-Pre being returned from Dole, not only diminishes her power, but treats her with scorn and contempt; having by this time discovered her malice to Mermenda and himself, and that she had been the only cause of his fighting with Baron Betanford, and of killing Malleray, all which had created in him, an entire aversion to her.

Hautefelia dissembling her malice, seems to take no notice of his treatment; but is continually meditating how she may satisfy her revenge, and hath recourse again to Fresnay, who, for three hundred crowns more, promises to make away with her brother Grand-Pre, which he accomplishes in about two months.

And now Hautefelia thinking herself freed from all enemies, and all that stood in the way of her ambition, shews more pride and arrogance than ever; and not listening to remorse of conscience, flatters herself with fancied prospects of the highest worldly grandeur.

But about six weeks after Grand-Pre's funeral, Fresnay revelling at a tavern in Dijon, growing wanton in his cups, committed a rape on the body of Margaret Pivot, a girl of twelve years of age, and daughter to the master of the house.



The girl, all drowned in tears, throwing herself at her parents feet, accused Fresnay of the fact, and they carrying him before the court of parliament, he is examined; but with great boldness, and many vehement asseverations, denies all that is said against him. Nevertheless, being adjudged to the rack, at the second torment, he owned his crime, and was condemned to be hanged.

Two Capuchin Friars, who were sent to prepare him for his end, so wrought upon his conscience, that he makes a full confession of all his sins, and among the rest, that, at the instigation of Hautefelia, and for the lucre of five hundred crowns, he had poisoned Mermanda, and her husband Grand-Pre.

This discovery amazed every body, and the parliament being acquainted therewith, alter their first sentence, and order Fresnay, for his triple villainy to be broke alive upon the wheel, which was accordingly executed at Dijon.

A Provost is likewise dispatched to Grand-Mont's house, to apprehend Hautefelia. The Provost found her dancing in the green-house of her father's garden, in company of several other ladies and gentlemen; but soon turned her mirth into mourning, by laying his hands upon her, and carrying her before a President, and two counsellors, appointed to examine her. At first she denied all with a matchless effrontery, and said that Fresnay being her professed enemy, had lately belied her innocence; but being adjudged to the rack, she confessed the whole, whereupon the criminal judges pronounced sentence upon her: "That she should have her breasts torn off with red hot pincers, be afterwards hanged, and her body burned."

By this history let us observe, how busy the devil was, by ambition, covetousness, malice, and revenge, to induce Hautevelia and Fresnay to commit these murders; and also how just God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the fear of the one may deter us from attempting the other, to the end, that as they lived in sin, and died in shame, so we may live in righteousness and die in peace: for there is nothing more certain than, They who sow wickedness shall reap misery.

[To be continued.]

### On the IMMENSITY of the WORKS of CREATION.

OF all the subjects that can become the employment of the reasoning faculties of the human mind, there is nothing so truly amazing, none so worthy our eternal consideration and praise, as the contemplation of the visible creation. The abstruse parts of knowledge are hid, by almost inexplicable difficulty and obscurity, from the eyes of all but a few, whose genius and leisure give them opportunities of arriving regularly at them; but these are eternally obvious to the sight of all. The eye cannot exert its power of common use without discerning them; and they are at the same time, as much a nobler, as an earlier study. It is hence the naturalist has been so often celebrated, as the man most worthily employed in his researches, and most happy in an incessant admiration, and unfeigned act of worship, of constant praise and adoration to the great Author of the universe: the Omnipotent Creator both of the objects and of the soul that judges them. With what contempt and pity does the mind, thus employed, view the rash and mad accounts of the pretended ages of old time, who fancied the universe

was

was but the work of chance, the mere lucky concurrence of atoms? And with what sacred joy does it look up to the amazing origin of all, from the hand of an All-powerful and All-wise God, as described by the pen of Moses. It is most vain to doubt the truth of that relation, which though written at a time when speculative knowledge cannot be supposed to have had being in the world, is yet illustrated and confirmed, in every part, by the discoveries of the wisest men of our own times. And it is an idle, as well as an unbecoming arrogance, to doubt, without the least grounds, things coming from so high an authority. Moses relates, not only what he was inspired to write; but what oral tradition of things of such infinite wonder, (then but a few ages past) might easily bring down to him. We know that Methusalah lived and conversed with Adam; and Shem with Methusalah; Isaac conversed with Shem; and Amram the father of Moses, lived with the patriarchs the sons of Jacob. The history of what had happened so few ages back, could not fail to be preserved among them, and these, from whom Moses might have had his information, must have laid them in a direct line, from him who saw the new creation: recent from the great Creator's hand, and who must know he had no origin like common men, since he had known no childhood nor parents.

Let us view then the stupendous works of the creation, as it is by this great Author delivered to us. Let us first consider the time taken to form the whole; but six short days: and thence, expatiating over the work of those days, adore, while we behold the wonders that were performed in them.

The creation of the Sun alone exceeds all our bounds of comprehension: a globe of fire, much more than an hundred and fifty times the bigness of this earth.



earth, dispersing salutary and vivifying beams to this, and probably many other worlds, without which all motion, animal, vital, and natural, must cease; all plants and animals, together with both land and water, must be in a short time frozen, to a hardness equal to that of flints and diamonds. Next let us view the moon, a scarce less amazing work of the same great Hand, destined peculiarly to our use; catching the light of the Sun when not reaching us, and reflecting it back upon us, to check the darkness of one half of our nights; and by its influence on the sea creating tides, whose motion preserves the waters of that vast lake from putrefaction, and at the same time serving as an earth like ours for numbers of animals; for we are not to think that the unbounded beneficence of the Creator, would leave so vast and glorious an earth unpeopled; nor can we doubt, but that He who could create worms that should live in snow, and others whom the heat of boiling liquors cannot destroy, could also suit the nature of the inhabitants to whatever place he had created, since both were the form he pleased to give the passive clay. To these let us add the Planets, doubtless earths and inhabited like our own; and these, (as each is at a farther distance from the Sun) has instead of our single Moon, a greater number attending on, and revolving round it; and the most distant Saturn beside five Moons, a vast zone of light, a girdle surrounding him at a proper distance, eternally blazing with a refulgent light, and seeming a composition of many thousand moons joined close together. From these amazing objects, each infinitely beyond all our powers of comprehension, as to its origin, let us extend our view to a series of objects more amazing and more extensive yet, the fixed Stars; bodies of light more numerous in the spangled firmament than sands on the sea shore, and each of these, not an inconsiderable lucid speck (as it appears to our immensely distant

distant view) but in reality a Sun, as bright, and glorious as that which illuminates our world; and each like our Sun encircled, with a series of planets, of Earths, of Worlds, like ours performing their periodic rotations and enlightened with moons. Thus it fares with us placed on this earth; wherever we stand the eye can but take in a certain space and number of stars. And though the stars we view at once, seem very different in size it is more than probable, that they are all the same in magnitude, and only different in place; some being at much greater distances than others from us. When we have adored the Majesty and greatness of the Author of what appears to us so unlimited a creation, in regard to the stars we nightly see, let us exalt our ideas yet farther, by assisting our eyes with glasses, and by that means discerning that there is no spot, no point of all the wide expanse of heaven, which does not afford more Stars, more Suns, more Worlds. The milky way that makes so beautiful a train of light, (when viewed by the naked eye) is discovered by glasses to be only one immense series of Stars, whose distance makes them seem minute as points, and almost touching one another: and then consider that as distance only makes them appear so, they may probably be in reality so widely distant, as to have myriads of worlds between them. Hence let us trace the indefinite extent of space, and we shall find in reason's eye, the whole universe extending many thousand times farther beyond the utmost limits that even glasses can carry our sight, than it is from us to that place; and when we think of the greatness of that God who has doubtless, filled all that space with worlds, and peopled all these worlds with their inhabitants, let our adoration equal our amazement.

[To be concluded in our next.]

*Anecdote of the late Earl of Ross, an Irish Nobleman.*

**T**HE late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humourous Earl of Rochester: he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau monde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do, and finally his health beyond repair. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic of reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had: nay, some asserted that he dealt with the devil, established a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork hill, and that one W.—— a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was indeed only the agent of his gallantry was a party concerned. But what will not malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his lordship's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the groom's porter's, where he was a man of honor; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him for generosity.

Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write to him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as w——g, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short all manner of wickedness; exhorting him, in the tenderest manner, to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.



It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of Kildare was one of the most pious gentlemen of the age, and, in every respect, a contrast, in character, to Lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter, (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of Kildare. He likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal delicate, and circumspect in all his actions.

It will be easy to judge with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he was entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be; but withal observed that the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly his lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner: "Pray, my lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a rioter, and every thing that is base and infamous?" "You, my lord!" said the bishop, "every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue." "Well, my lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who under his own hand

hand lays all this to my charge?," "Surely, answered his grace, "no man in his senses, that knew your lordship, would presume to do it; and, if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your lordship will have satisfaction from the Spiritual Court." Upon this, Lord Kildare delivered to his grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant, and which both the archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand-writing. The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his grace advised Lord Kildare to walk in to another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter: The Dean answered, "I did, my lord." "Mr. Dean," returned the prelate, "I always thought you a man of sense and prudence: but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men. To throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished noblemen in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a disordered brain: besides, Sir, you have, by this means, laid yourself open to a prosecution, which will either oblige you publicly to retract what you have said, or to suffer the consequence." "My lord," answered the Dean, "I never think, act, or write any thing for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and, if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function. I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it." And, so saying, the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a procurator,

to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the archbishop, who knew that the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended to him to ask my lord's pardon before the matter became public, "Ask his pardon!" said the Dean, "why the man is dead." "Lord Kildare dead!" "No, Lord Ross." "Good God!" said the archbishop, did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?" "No, truly, my lord; but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Ross, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the servant, the whole was rectified, and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Ross died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour.

*Anecdote of BISHOP BURNET.*

**B**ISHOP BURNET was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character of what the French call *P' Etourdie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned on suspicion of poisoning, and, among the rest, the Countess of Soissons, niece of cardinal Mazarin, and mother of the famous warrior Prince Eugene of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Prince came over to England, Bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as eager as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the Duke of Marlborough, that he might have the satisfaction of

Vol. II. R r being



being in company with a person whose fame resounded through all Europe. The duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that would give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the Prince, and other company, at Marlborough house. The bishop, mindful of the caution he had received, resolved to sit silent and incognito during the whole entertainment, and might have kept his resolution, had not Prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified clergyman, taken it in his head to ask who he was. He no sooner understood that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the bishop, and, among other questions, asked when he was last at Paris? Burnet, flustered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction required, answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time when the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced the words, when his eyes meeting those of the duke, he instantly recognised his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error by asking pardon of his highness: he stared wildly around, and, seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

#### ANECDOTE of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOT long after the death of Mary Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrun who had been one of her attendants, became, in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved; a loss which had been occasioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate princess, to whose re-

tinue

time he also had belonged, formed a resolution to avenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth.

To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the character of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Sparke, and attended at the court of England, with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity should offer, and one to kill herself, if her crime should be discovered.

One day as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get to her majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of her pistols. This circumstance being observed by one of the guards, she was immediately seized in order to be sent to prison. The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet am I a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrun; and I was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive the bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to avenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless, were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpose: I found myself constrained to prove by experience the truth of the maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness, and answered it with moderation.

"You

"You are persuaded then, said her majesty, that in this step you have done but what your duty required:—what think you is my duty now to do to you?"

"Is that question put in the character of a Queen or of that of a judge?" replied Margaret with the same intrepid firmness.

Elizabeth professed to her it was in that of a Queen.

"Then," continued Lambrun, "it is your majesty's duty to grant me a pardon."

"But what security," demanded the Queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?"

"A favor ceases to be one, madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under such restraints.—In so doing your majesty would act against me as a judge."

"I have been thirty years a queen," said Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, "and never had such a lecture read to me before."—And she immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the president of the council, who told her majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender.

The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the queen to extend her generosity one degree farther, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favor also Elizabeth cheerfully complied, and Margaret Lambrun, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.



FOR MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1798.

707

*An Address to Rich Professors of Religion.*

**O** YE forsaken sons of poverty, and ancient daughters of sorrow, who pine away in your desolate garrets or cellars without fire in winter, destitute of food, physic or nurse in sickness; raise a moment your emaciated bodies wrapt up in thread-bare blankets, if you are possessed of such a covering; and tell me, tell the world, how many of our gay professors of religion have sought and found you out in your deplorable condition; how many are come to visit in you and worship with you, the Man of Sorrows, who once laid on the cold ground in a bloody sweat? when did they make your bed in your sickness? when have they kindly enquired into all your wants, and sympathized in all your temptations, supported your drooping heads in a fainting fit, revived your sinking spirits with suitable cordials, gently wiped your cold sweats, and mixed them with their tears of pity? Alas! you sometimes find more compassion and assistance in your extremity from those who never name the name of Christ, than from our easy Antinomian, Laodicean believers; their wants are richly supplied, that is enough, they do not enquire into your's, and you are ashamed, or afraid to trouble them with the dismal story; nor indeed would some of them understand you if you did. While the table of some believers (so called) is alternately loaded with a variety of delicate meats, and rich wines, what have ye to sustain sinking nature? alas! one may soon see your all of food or physic. A pitcher of water stands by your bedside, the only piece of furniture left in your wretched apartments; the Lord God bless the poor widow that brought it to you, with her two mites; Heaven reward a thousand fold the loving creature, that not only shares with you, but freely bestows upon you all her living, even all that she hath, when they forgot to enquire after you, and to send you

you something out of their luxurious abundance. The Son of man once forsaken by all the disciples, and comforted by an angel, make her bed in the time of sickness, and a watching band of celestial spirits carry her charitable soul into Lazarus's bosom in the awful hour of dissolution. I had rather be in her case, though she should not so confidently profess the faith, than in yours. O ye caressed believers, who let your affluence overflow to those, who have more need to learn frugality in the school of scarceness, than to receive bounties which feed their sensuality, and indulge their pride. And ye women professing godliness, who enjoy the blessings of health and abundance, in whose streets there is no complaining, no decay, whose daughters are as the polished corners of the temple; when did you want visitors? Alas! you have too many for the good they do you, or you them. Does not your conversation, which begins with the love of Jesus, terminate in religious scandal, as naturally as your soul which once began in the Spirit now ends in the Flesh. O that your visitors were as ready to attend work-houses, jails, infirmaries and hospitals, as they are to wait upon you. O that at least, like the Dorcas's, the Phebe's and Priscilla's of old, you would teach them cheerfully to work for the poor; to be the free servants of the church, and tender nurses of the sick. O that they saw in you the holy women of old, the widows who were widows indeed, who formerly entertained strangers, washed the saints feet, instructed the younger women, and continued night and day in prayer. But alas! the love of many once warm, as the smoking flax, is waxed cold, instead of taking fire and flaming: almost all, when they come to the foot of the hill Difficulty, take their leave of Jesus, as a guide, because he leads on through spiritual death, to the Regeneration: and disliking the high-way of the cross, under the fair pretence that blind papists walk therein,

FOR MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1798.

703

therein, make for themselves and others, broad and downward roads to ascend the steep hill of Zion.

---

## POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

The MISER and PLUTUS.

[*A Fable by GAY.*]

**T**HE wind is high, the window shakes,  
With sudden start the miser wakes,  
Along the silent room he stalks,  
Looks back, and trembles as he walks;  
Each lock, and every bolt he tries,  
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,  
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,  
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.  
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,  
He wrings his hand! he beats his breast:  
By conscience stung he wildly stares,  
And thus his guilty soul declares:

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,  
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.  
But virtue's sold. Good God! what price  
Can recompence the pangs of vice!  
O bane of good! seducing cheat!  
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?  
Gold banish'd honor from the mind,  
And only left the name behind;  
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;  
Gold taught the murd'ers sword to kill:  
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts  
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.

Who



Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?  
 Virtue resides on earth no more!  
 He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood  
 Plutus, his god before him stood.  
 The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;  
 The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,  
 Each fordid rascal's daily cant?  
 Did I, base wretch? corrupt mankind?  
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind,  
 Because my blessings are abus'd,  
 Must I be censur'd, curs'd accus'd?  
 Ev'n Virtue's self by knaves is made  
 A cloak to carry on the trade;  
 And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)  
 Grows tyranny and rank oppression.  
 Thus, when the villian crams his chest,  
 Gold is the canker of the breast;  
 'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,  
 And ev'ry shocking vice beside:  
 But when to virtuous hands 'tis giv'n,  
 It blesses like the dews of heav'n:  
 Like heav'n it hears the orphans cries,  
 And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.  
 Their crimes on gold thall Misers lay,  
 Who pawn'd their fordid souls for pay?  
 Let bravoës, then, when blood is spilt,  
 Upbraid their passive sword with guilt.

MOR

“V  
 flower  
 Where  
 tions o  
 and h

“T  
 swere  
 ence,  
 langu  
 ments  
 mind,  
 both d  
 to wr  
 the d  
 Vol. I